Northern Messenger

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A New Lesson.

This story is true, and I have tried as nearly as possible to tell every word and incident just as they occurred.

Mary and Jennie sat in Jennie's room in their night-dresses, about to retire for the night. They were both away from home at a finishing school, and now Mary was wondering why in the world Jennie didn't put out the light, so that they could go to bed.

But Jennie did not put the light out just then, as Mary was thinking she would, but reached over to the table and got her Bible. 'Shall I read for both?' she said. Mary nodded assent.

LATER DAYS PROVED THE REALITY OF HER FATE.

When Jennie had read her chapter, she said, 'Shall we pray together, Mary?'

Mary nodded again. They knelt, and Jennie prayed just as she had been used to do at home, and they went to bed. It did not occur to her that she had done an odd or unusual thing. She had come from a sweet Christian home, where the Heavenly Father was daily called upon in simple and unaffected fashion.

Long after Jennie had gone to sleep, Mary lay awake, thinking more seriously than she had ever done before in all her light, careless life.

Presently Jennie heard a little moan. Mary had complained of her tooth during the evening, and Jennie thought she was suffering again.

'Does your tooth ache so badly, dearie? Just you lie still, and I'll have a hot flannel ready in half a minute.'

'No, no, Jennie,' putting out her hand to stop her, 'it's not my tooth. I'm so unhappy; it's my heart that's aching;' and with that Mary put her arms around her companion's neck, and cried as if her heart was breaking indeed. Jennie, awe-struck and wondering, could not say a word, but presently Mary found voice to say:

'It all comes of what happened before we went to bed. I never realized that I wasn't a Christian at all till then. You read your Bible, and then you prayed, and I couldn't. I never had anything make me feel so in all my life. I couldn't endure it any longer, without talking to you about it. Oh, Jennie dear, I am so unhappy!'

'Have you prayed?' said Jennie.

'Oh, yes, over and over again, but I don't seem to get any help or comfort. Do you think I've been so wicked that God can't take me?'

'No, no, no!' cried Jennie. 'Don't you remember what Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners?" Don't you want to be a Christian?'

'Oh,' groaned Mary, 'I think I'd give my right hand to know that my sins were forgiven.'

'Do- let's pray,' said Jennie. And with her arms around Mary, she asked God, 'for Christ's sake, to help Mary to trust in Him, and to forgive her sins.' Then she said, 'Don't you remember that verse, Mary, "for God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" Just think—whosoever—whosoever believeth.'

There was a silence, during which Jennie was earnestly praying in her heart for Mary; and poor broken-hearted Mary was longing to know what Jennie knew so well. However, her trouble did not last long that night; for God's Holy Spirit soon made all so clear and simple that presently Jennie felt Mary's arms tightened about her, and the hot tears dropping on her shoulder.

'Oh, Jennie,' she sobbed, 'I'm crying for joy; I see it all so clearly now. He died for me, for me. Oh, I am so happy!'

'So am I!' cried Jennie, her tears flowing also for pure joy.

Later days proved the reality of her faith, while peace like a river filled her soul in the assurance of forgiven sin.

It was a new lesson to Jennie, the experience of that night. She had never before realized so much how true it was that Jesus had taken her place and Mary's place, and died in their stead. It was now so simple to Mary, but doubly so to her, and they both rejoiced together.—'Indian Witness.'

A Silver-Winged Messenger.

(By Mrs. Harvey-Jellie.)

Colonel Valious sat alone in his dining-room, looking at the many presents that had been sent for his wife's birthday. She was thirty years old that day, the sunshine of his home, and the delight of all who knew her.

But no festival of rejoicing was to be held, for she lay in her silent room, apparently near the gate of death.

Dinah Hall, the old servant of the Valious' home when the Colonel was a child, had become the gardener's wife, and lived near, and she was coming to nurse the invalid.

A gentle creature was she, one whose anchor of faith was cast within the veil, and whose soul dwelt in perfect peace. The door opened softly, and she stood before the downcast man. 'Ah, to be sure, it's her birthday,' she said, glancing at the presents, 'and this one is lovely,' pointing to a flower-vase held by a silver angel, with outstretched wings.

'Her friend Mrs. Statham has just sent it; you shall carry it to her, Dinah; place it on the table beside her; the flowers are choice,' he said, handing the vase to the good old servant, for whom his wife and he had a real affection.

In Dinah's pocket she had a card with her favorite verse on it, and she thought to show it perchance while attending to her patient; but now, quick as loving thought can prompt, she took it out and hung it between the silver wings under the maidenhair fern, and in the stillness she breathed a prayer, and felt confident her God would use the little messenger.

The fever had gone, and Mrs. Valious lay prostrate. She smiled at the familiar

face. 'How kind of you to come, Dinah!' she said faintly.

'I have come gladly, dear lady, and with God's blessing I hope soon to see you better. This is one of the presents; the Colonel will bring the others up. May this be a truly happy birthday to you.'

During the day her weakness increased, and great fear was entertained. At night Dinah sat watching, relieved to see her patient fall into quiet sleep. In the morning restlessness returned; but after a while she asked to have the new vase put nearer.

'It was good of her to send it, but what does that card say?' for she had been too ill to notice it before.

Dinah simply raised it and read: 'This is eternal life, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent' (John xvii. 3.)

'I cannot understand Mrs. Statham putting a text on; how very odd!' said Mrs. Valious.

'You will forgive an old body, I know,' said Dinah, 'but when I saw the choice gifts, I just thought of the best gift of all, and 'twas I who hung my little card there, such a tiny present—but it tells of the largest gift of God, in sending Jesus to give us eternal life, and I've been asking you may receive no less than that.'

A faint smile crossed the lady's face; she knew nothing of such life; enough for her to beguile herself with earthly pleasures.

'You are a good old soul, Dinah, I forgive you; but take it off the silver wings, for fear my friend should call and see it. There, give it to me, I know you meant it well,' and she took the card to avoid seeming unkind.

Another day came, and, refreshed by sleep, she was able to hear her husband read to her, while Dinah went to rest herself.

'Poor old body! See, Hugh, what she hung on those wings,' and he read the words, new words, hard for him, wise and prudent in worldly wisdom to understand, but failing to see the hidden meaning in words so grandly rich.

But one woman under the same roof had faith in the 'whatsoever ye shall ask in my name,' and she asked of God eternal life for the Colonel and his wife.

When danger was said to be gone, and strength seemed to return daily, the Colonel's joy was great, and he went out with a gladsome heart to find some book or present.

He selected what he thought suitable, and then before him, he saw in large silver letters on a scroll the very words of Dinah's card. He purchased it and returned.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Dinah was content to leave God to work, while thus she prayed in silence. And his ways are wonderful.

'Hugh, I have seen something in my dreams so strangely beautiful,' said his wife, as he entered the room with his parcel. 'Sit down and let me tell you.'

The books were given to her, and the scroll placed on the mantel-shelf, and he sat down to listen.

'I saw all things around me fading and passing away, and I was on a rocky steep, alone, and frightened,and I seemed to know I must fall and die; when a being stood before me and held out his hand and asked, "Will you not trust in Me?" And as I took his hand he said, "I give you eternal life!" and such a burst of glory came around me, and my heart swelled with joy; and I heard singing and voices of those I could not see, saying, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent;" and I wanted to know him—nothing else seemed worth a thought then. But I woke, and still I can hear the words. Where is Dinah? Let me tell her, she can help me.'

Three weeks gone, and still those words ring out their joyful message in the ears of the Colonel's wife, and she has heard, to the saving of her soul.

'Good-bye, Dinah; God bless you, I shall hold as a memorial of you that little silver-winged messenger,' said Mrs. Valious, as she let her nurse go.

The humble and thankful woman returned to her cottage home, rejoicing in the work of grace begun, and for the honor put upon her in allowing her to call the wanderers to eternal life.

I thank Thee, Lord, for using me
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak
For those to whom, through me Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven
—'The Christian.'

A Real Teacher.

(Mrs. M. A. Ehlers.)

Among my early teachers was a woman of rare worth, whose feeble step and hectic flush told why she was often absent. Sometimes we went to her room and listened to her words, or repeated the scripture texts she had assigned. In her absence it was difficult to find any brother or sister willing to respond to the superintendent's request, 'Won't you take that class this morning?'

But with gratitude I recall the one supply teacher, whose words, though few were a well-spring of life. She was the most modest, self-ignoring woman I remember ever to have known; one who seemed painfully consious of having come into the wrong world, and therefore with no claim to the modicum of space she occupied. Every Sunday morning, after performing household duties of a peculiar and most trying character, she glided into the street and toward the village church. Her faded blue shawl, and bonnet of yellow straw, dulled by age, and extravagant only in its tendency to reach skyward, were recognized from afar. It was her habit to drop into a rear pew, late enough to escape the salutations of those who were on time. Great was our surprise, one morning, when under the protecting shadow of the superintendent, Mrs. —— came up the aisle, and took the seat usually occupied by our teacher. Through how much of timidity and self-distrust had she come to that class of bright-eyed, mirth-loving girls! Some months earlier, I had made a public confession of faith, but the glow of the revival season was over, and secret prayer and meditation were beginning to be neglected. Our lesson was from the third chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. There was no special attempt at exposition. We read the paragraphs in turn. The sixth was mine: 'But Christ, as a Son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.' There was no comment until I read again, this time the fourteenth: 'For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.' Then, with earnest and subdued voice our teacher said: 'Both of those verses seem to come to you, Mary, "Hold fast," "steadfast unto the end."' That was all, but repentance for past neglect, and determination for the future, were born of those words. As one whose feet had well nigh slipped remembers the hand that rescued him, so after many years of precious Christian experience, I recall the faithful woman whose love to God enabled her to feed the lambs.

The great Teacher in asking men to join his class gave as his supreme qualification: 'For I am meek and lowly of heart.' One who possesses that spirit of sanctified meekness, whose synonym is love, may *rightfully say to others:* 'Learn of me.'—The 'Standard.'

In Spite of Weakness.

Don't be discouraged if your health is poor and your body undersized. Ability isn't measured by the pound, and men who couldn't put on their own clothes have goverened empires. Dr. Gregory well says: 'Many people who have made a mark in the world have been weak people, who made up for their weakness by strength of will. Florence Nightingale has been an invalid, shut up in a sick room during the greater part of her life. Mrs. Browning was a delicate woman with a baby's strength. You see how these two—one by exciting people to merciful works, the other by noble songs—have influenced girls and women of their time. It is said that Julius Caesar was of delicate constitution, had painful headaches and fits of epilepsy, yet he became master of the world. Macaulay says of William of Orange that he was so weak as to be soon fatigued, and was continually suffering pain; but the force of his will had never failed. Grand old Dr. Johnson, Alexander Pope, Robert Hall, and others, were men greatly afflicted, or with many drawbacks which their resolution overcame. One of the most spirited travellers of her day, Miss Isabella Bird, had less physical strength than ordinary women. Lord Nelson never went to sea without being seasick. The biography of greatness is full of records of people who nobly fought against their difficulties and said, "I am resolved what to do!" The triumphs of mankind are not triumphs of physical strength or of mental genius, but of will.'—Christian Work.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Prayer, Sweet Prayer.

(Sent by M. McMillan.)

When torn is the bosom with sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to life and puts passion in chains.

Chorus.

Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arm,
The syren sings sweetly or silently charms;
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
Till, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

When forced from the friends we hold dearest, to part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there—
Oh, how hurtfully pleasing, till hallowed by prayer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Philharmonic Club

WILL HANBURY'S STORY.

(By Helen Shipton, in 'Dawn of Day').

The fire was burning brightly in our little 'house-place' at home, and the wind was howling outside, and my mother and a neighbor who was sewing for her were gossiping over their work by the table, and I—Will Hanbury—was sitting by the fire and staring at it till my eyes ached.

I wasn't listening much to what they were saying, not even when my mother said how glad she was to see me spend an evening for once quiet by our own fireside, and then went on—for fear, good soul, that Mrs. Bennett should think I wasn't steady—to say how lads would be lads, and as long as they didn't get to the public-house and take more than was good for them it was only right that they should want to amuse themselves a bit of an evening.

'LOOK HERE, IS THIS TRUE.'

I had my own reasons for being at home that night, and I was a good deal put out over the business, and I was turning it over in my mind as I sat there by the fire.

It's an awkward thing for a young man to fall out with his mates, with the chaps he's always been used to work with and go about with. Nobody knows till he comes to live in a place like ours how many ways there are of making a fellow repent it if he sets himself in any way against the rest, or how much afraid we are—and have good cause to be—of being thought to set ourselves up to be different. I've known a man hide a good action as if he'd been committing a murder. But that's neither here nor there just now; what I'd done was nothing to be proud of, but I didn't want it to come to light; and I was considering as I sat there what I should say to the chaps next day if any of them guessed what I'd been up to.

The beginning of the trouble was this:

There were a lot of us that were fond of music, and fond too, maybe, of making a noise; and we thought we'd like to get up a brass band. But that meant a deal of expense for instruments, and the rent of a place to practice in, and what not; and altogether it was more than we could see our way to.

So some of us went to Mr. Glyn, the curate, and asked if he could help us a bit, and he did, for he got some of the rich folks to subscribe, and made himself responsible for the rent of the room (which we were to repay to him amongst us), and altogether he got us fairly started. But he said that he must make some rules, and have a right to turn out any member who misconducted himself, and most of us agreed to that willingly enough, as indeed it was but right. Well, the thing was started, and we called ourselves the 'Philharmonic Club,' and all went on right for a time, though some said they hadn't reckoned on a parson being at the head of it. As long as we were only learning, though, it didn't much matter, for Mr. Glyn didn't often interfere. But by-and-by we began to think ourselves first-rate performers, and then there was a bother because we were asked to go and play at a brass band competition, and it was held at a public-house; and Mr. Glyn said, 'No! it was provided in the rules that there was to be no playing in public-houses.'

That blew over for the time, but some of the members were very angry about it, because they said it wasn't like playing in a 'public' in an ordinary way, but a special occasion that ought to have been allowed. But Mr. Glyn never went back from what he'd once said, and they'd found that out by this time.

The next thing was that we went to the Milford flower-show, and most of us perhaps had a little more than we should have had, and some of us were out-and-out the worse for liquor. When Mr. Glyn heard that, he said that the rules had been broken, and that he should suspend all the members for a time, and turn out one or two that had been the worst.

I was one that was suspended, but I suppose if I'd chosen to speak up for myself I needn't have been, for I was a teetotaler then, and I am still, and I could have brought more than one to say that I hadn't taken anything stronger than gingerbeer that day. But I didn't like Mr. Glyn, and we all thought he was taking too high a hand with us, and we meant to hang together.

So we that were only suspended said that we shouldn't come back to the club unless all were allowed to come back; and at the same time we talked ourselves up into a fine passion about the injustice and unfairness we'd met with—after all the time and trouble and money we'd spent on the club, that Mr. Glyn should take upon himself to close it and bring it to an end just because he'd asked for a few subscriptions and had got us into his power!

I was thinking it all over as I sat by the fire, 'halting betwixt two opinions,' as the Bible says, which is as uncomfortable a state as a man can find himself in. First I thought of our 'wrongs' till my temper got hot, and I wished I'd taken part with the other chaps heart and soul, and not risked offending them all for nothing; and then I cooled down again, and thought what fools they were, and wished that they'd be content to let ill alone.

And all the time, as I said before, my mother and her neighbor went on talking, and I heard, and wasn't listening. It was was all about gowns and bonnets at first, and then about funerals, and then about all the different complaints that all their relations had died of, going back to grandfathers and grandmothers on both sides, and then all the complaints that folks in the parish were now suffering from, and then suddenly I began to listen, for one of them said a name that was in my mind already: 'Mr. Glyn.'

'Ay!' said Mrs. Bennett with a sigh. 'I suppose that's what's the matter with him, poor young man!'

'What's the matter with him?' I said, looking up. 'He was all right this forenoon, I know.'

'Oh! it's nothing fresh,' she said, 'but his heart's all wrong, we know. He may live a-many years, I believe, but he'll go off sudden when he does go. And if he was to have any sudden shock I suppose he might drop off any time, at a moment's notice, as one may say.'

I got up, and I looked from one to the other of them. I didn't know I was doing it, but I hit the table between them so that it made them both jump. 'Look here,' I said, 'is this true, or is it just old women's tattle?'

Mrs. Bennet sat up straight and gave a sniff; but mother answered me gently, as she always did, bless her!

'Ay! I believe it's true enough, and I thought you'd heard about it. It was Mr. Glyn's housekeeper that told Mrs. Bennet, being her cousin; and the doctor told her, because he said she ought to know.

I didn't say a word, but I took my cap and made but two steps out of that door, and banged it behind me. It was a pitch-dark night, but I started running, and ran till I lost my breath, and then walked a few steps, and then ran again.

What I was thinking of as I ran was the same that I had been thinking of as I sat by the fire, but it looked very different now.

There was something 'on' that night, and I knew it, and had known it all the time. The lads were meaning to have their revenge upon Mr. Glyn, and they had laid a plan to do it. They did not intend to hurt him, though some of them would have stuck at nothing much short of murder, they were so mad with him. But I think they knew that he would mind folks laughing at him as much as anything.

This was the scheme. They knew just the time that he would be coming along a dark lonely bit of lane, coming back from a cottage service that he had to hold in an outlying part of the parish once a week. There was to be a rope stretched across the road, about a foot from the ground. Over this he'd trip, of course, and fall all his length. Then half a dozen of them that were hidden near would rush out to help him up, but it would only be to slip a coal-sack over his head and shoulders and arms and tie it firm round his waist. Then they'd let him go, to blunder along as best he could till he found somebody that would be kind enough to untie him; and they laughed fit to split at the notion of what he'd look like when they took the sack off him.

Now, I didn't care for Mr. Glyn, as I've said before. He was never one of the jolly kind of parsons, to clap the fellows on the back and play cricket or football with them; and as for that last I knew why, now. But I didn't like this scheme for paying him out, either. It seemed to me that a parson was a parson, and shouldn't be served as you might serve any other man; and, what was more, I supposed that he'd done nothing but what he thought was right, although I couldn't abide his soft voice and his quiet, precise ways.

So altogether, I thought I'd rather be out of it, though I durst'nt tell the other chaps so, and the more I turned the notion over in my mind the less I liked it.

Half a dozen and more against one wasn't fair play, even if the one was a parson. I let them tell me all about it, and I knew it was little good saying anything to them against it; but the night before they'd fixed to carry it out I wrote a line to Mr. Glyn, warning him to be on the look-out at Trueman's Corner, and if possible to have somebody with him, and I signed it 'From a Well-Wisher.'

That was all I dared do, and I knew if the lads ever came to hear of that I should have to leave the parish and go to work somewhere else.

'I was in two minds whether to go with them and pretend to be helping them or to stop at home; but at last I settled that it would be less sneaking to stop at home, and when I'd done that I felt that I'd done all that Mr Glyn could have expected of me if he'd been my own brother.

Ah! but how different things looked as I raced down that dark road, and thought it twice as far as ever I'd found it before. I thought how Mr. Glyn might never have got my letter, or might pay no attention to it,—which was more likely,—and how the shock and the fright and the anger would certainly be his death, and the chaps would have done what they'd never be sorry for but once, and that would be all their lives.

That wasn't the worst of it, either. We'd none of us known how things were with him,—it was like an accident, that, though it terrified me to think of it,—but I had known that this thing was wrong, and I hadn't told them so; I had skulked out of sight like a coward, and thought of my own skin instead of stopping mischief. I had tried to do nothing but what was safe for myself, and I had done what might well be no good at all.

I GROPED FOR THE CORD AND CUT IT.

How dark the road was! I kept running into the hedge every now and then, and once or twice I trod on a loose stone and was all but down. I had not stopped to look at the time before I left home, but I knew about what o'clock it was, and that if I could get to that corner a minute or two before Mr. Glyn did, it would be all that I should manage. I began to think what I should say to the others, how I could put it to them in the best way, and the quickest, so as to persuade them to take their rope and be off before Mr. Glyn came.

I didn't believe there was one of them that would really wish to injure him if they once understood that he was not right inside like other folks, but it wasn't easy in a hurry to make men understand what they don't want to know. It seemed likely enough that I should set them all against me, and do no good to Mr. Glyn either.

People say that, however careless men may be at other times, when they're in trouble there's always something that makes them cry out to God. I do believe that's true, for I know it came quite natural to me to make a prayer then, for all I was in such a hurry. It was rather a queer prayer, but I meant every word of it.

'O God,' I said, 'I know I've acted a mean part; but don't let Mr. Glyn suffer for that, nor the lads do a murder when they don't mean any such thing. If anybody's got to be hurt over this business, let it be me.'

The last few hundred yards between me and Trueman's Corner was uphill, but after I'd made that bit of a prayer I raced along it faster than I'd come down the hill before.

I knew just where the rope was to be stretched, for they'd settled to have it where a shed beside the road made it darker than any other part, and was handy, too, for them to hide ready to spring out. There was a gate on one side of the road and a tree on the other, that would do to tie it there.

I came round the end of the shed, and either it was fancy, or I could hear the lads breathing hard as they crouched against the wall. I was just going to call out to them and tell them who I was, when I heard steps coming the other way.

There was no time for thinking. I had got to do something first, and there was only one thing to do. I pulled my knife

out of my pocket, and flung myself forward on my hands and knees and groped for the cord, and cut it in two places. Then I jumped up. 'Mr. Glyn,' I shouted, 'go back! Don't come this way.'

I heard an angry shout behind me, and some one cried 'Sneak!' and then they were all on me. I had left my knife on the ground, and it was just as well, for no one is to be trusted with a knife when half a dozen are punching at him at once.

I hit out with my fists, though, and gave some of them as good as they brought; and then one of them—I never asked which it was—hit me over the head, a little harder maybe than he meant.

I saw stars, all manner of stars, although it was a cloudy night, and then everything went black about me, and what happened next I can't say of my own knowledge.

* * * * * *

When I came to myself again I was in my own bed at home, and not very much the worst, except that my head was aching as if it would split in two. They wouldn't talk to me much till next morning, and my mother said then that she really didn't know what had happened, but a friend of mine came up to see me that day, and I got it all out of him.

What I'd heard was not Mr. Glyn coming, but the man that owned the shed, who happened to be down that way by accident. Mr. Glyn came up a few minutes later, and found all the lads gathered round me where I lay on the ground, very frightened and in a very bad temper, and quarrelling as to which of them had hit me so hard.

He helped them to tie up my head and put me on a gate and carry me home, and he never asked them what they were all doing down there, or what the row had been about.

I considered that was like a gentleman, as he always was, and I liked him better than I'd ever done before. I know now why he spoke so quietly and moved so softly and slowly, and I couldn't but think a good deal of the courage of a man who could go about his work and be thinking all the time of other people while he carried his death-sentence, so to speak, within him. He said something once, Mr. Glyn did, that showed me what it was that made him neither sorry for himself nor yet afraid. It was no more than what I'd learnt before, but it came home to me, coming from one that stood where he did. And I'm not ashamed to say that I thanked God that we'd been prevented from doing him an injury or insulting him for doing no more than his duty.

I wondered rather what the lads would say to me when I got about again. I wasn't going to give in that I'd been wrong; but I knew if they took it into their heads that I'd turned traitor to them I should have but a poor time of it.

However, it was all right. Mr. Glyn had called a meeting of all that had been members of the club; and they all came, what's more, because they thought it would be said that they were afraid to show themselves; and he talked to them very straight and put things to them so that they had to own that he'd done nothing but what was right. And then he said that if those that had shown that they couldn't trust themselves with strong drink would take the pledge for one year, he would readmit them at once, and trust to their honor to keep it. They agreed to that, and some that had been only suspended offered to take the pledge too. Then he talked as he'd never talked to any of us before and told us why he couldn't join in their games and amusements as he would like, and how he just reckoned it a burden laid upon him to carry and was sure they wouldn't make it harder for him than it need be. And a good many of them, I believe, said to themselves that, God helping them, they wouldn't, and have kept their word.

So the Philharmonic Club was started again, and goes on well to this day.

Jean's Clear Call.

(By Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, in 'The Congregationalist').

'Jean Eveleth is to speak this morning.'

'Jean Eveleth? She addresses college girls, I suppose.'

'Yes,' said Mary Armstrong, who was folding the table cloth in careful creases and talking earnestly as with deft touches and pats she put the little dining-room in order for the day, 'yes, Aunt Lucy, Jean has a way that takes with college girls, and, indeed, with all girls, whatever they may be doing. She's just back from a three months' trip to the West, and she's been at work among factory operatives and saleswomen and the girls who curl feathers, hand to hand work she calls it, visiting them in their homes, holding meetings every evening and getting right at their hearts and lives. She has a wonderful gift and a sort of thrilling, vibrating voice, which appeals to you and holds you fast whether you care for what she says or not; and then she's so dead in earnest. Jean has a clear call to this sort of work and I'm told she's going in for it as her profession. I certainly hope so for she'll be a success and a credit to our old class.'

Mary paused a moment to take down the bird's cage and fill the little cups with seed and water. Her aunt, who was knitting a white crochet shawl, which lay in a great, fleecy heap on her lap, kept on with her work, her needle flashing in and out of the soft wool. Aunt Lucy Erskine was habitually a silent person, but her silence was not of the grim, tombstone kind; it was sympathetic and made you feel that she was listening and thinking over what you said, taking it all in, even when she did not speak. There is a difference in silence as there is in speech.

When the bird was comfortable for the day, his cage swept and garnished, his bath removed and his rations provided, Mary returned to the topic which was uppermost in her mind—Jean's plans for the future. The girls has been classmates and chums at Wanover's College, and Mary had a girl's loyal admiration for and fervent championship of a brilliant friend, whose discretion she somehow, down in her subconsciousness, felt might be questioned by conservative people. She had always been defending Joan as long as she could remember, though Jean had never seemed aware of it.

'Jean is going to be a secretary of the State Association, Aunt Lucy,' and Mary snipped off a dead leaf from a flowering plant. 'She'll have her headquarters in some central place, and give her whole time and talents to the cause. Aren't you coming to the hall to hear her, auntie?' urged Mary, coaxingly.

'Not this morning, dear. I must finish my shawl and get it off for Cousin Harriet's birthday gift. You can tell me about it when you come home. Bring your friend back to luncheon. I don't see quite how Eleanor Eveleth can spare Jean. She must be needed at home unless Eleanor is much stronger than she used to be.'

This was a good deal for Aunt Lucy to say at once, and Mary thought of it as she tripped along, a gay little figure, the very type of the daughter at home, bowing to this one, smiling to that, pausing for a chat with an old gentleman or a child, and reaching the hall just as the chairman called the meeting to order.

The hall was crowded with women of all ages, though youth predominated. Jean Eveleth, her dark eyes alight, her sensitive face pale but flushing with feeling as she warmed to her theme, needed no inspiration beyond that of a close-packed and responsive audience to kindle her to eloquence. To every corner of the building penetrated the sweet, cultivated voice, the words were well chosen, the argument convincing, for Jean was herself convinced, and that is half the battle when one deals with other people.

'I plead with you, friends, sisters, daughters, mothers,' said the speaker with insistent emphasis, 'to live the beautiful, noble, unselfish life. We are all striving for our own pleasures, our own ambitions, our own ends. Ever before us floats a radiant, divine ideal, beckoning us with the wing-sweep, the flute-note of an angel from the skies. But we refuse to see. Our eyes are holden. We will not hear. Our ears are deaf. What might we not be, what might we not do, if we would but heed the angelic intimation, if we would arise from the grovelling present into the serenities of a future which the present can build? Let us trample self and ease and comfort and luxury under foot and go forth to the larger, fuller, sweeter life.'

Aunt Lucy had slipped into the meeting after all. Needing more wool, she had gone down town to buy it and then she decided to spend a half-hour in finding out what there was in Jane Eveleth which so bewitched Mary Armstrong, 'For,' she said to herself, 'Mary is a very sensible girl.'

Now, away in a shadowy corner under the gallery, the little old lady in the mouse-colored bonnet and Quaker shawl smiled with benevolent amusement as she listened to the eloquent peroration of the girl on the platform.

'Stuff and nonsense!' was her comment. 'She's a pretty young creature and she's having a royally good time, but I'm sure Eleanor Eveleth could find something for her to do at home.'

Aunt Lucy, walking soberly out of the door as the audience rose to sing a parting hymn, was joined by an old frined.

'That child has a clear call to speak in meeting, hasn't she, Lucy?' said this lady.

'So it would seem.'

'But when it comes to unselfishness and trampling one's own wishes beneath one's own feet, I'm not so sure,' the friend went on. 'It's quite evident that Miss Eveleth is in her own element, handling such crowds as hung on her words to-day.'

'Well, yes,' said Aunt Lucy, declining to give any further opinion.

Mary was a little late for luncheon, but she had been obliged to wait for Jean, who could not at once detach herself from the throng of delighted people who pressed up to congratulate her, to take her hand, to thank her, to ask her advice, after the session of the morning was over. 'There is something marvellously intoxicating in this brimming goblet of success, this cordial outpouring of thanks and pleasure, which is the meed of the attractive speaker. She walks on a flower-strewn path and

the air around is sweet with the silvery throbbing of bugles, inaudible to the duller ears about her.

When the two girls came in to luncheon at last, Aunt Lucy, just binding off the final row in her lovely, soft shawl, rose and greeted Jean affectionately.

'You are like your mother, my dear,' she said, 'though there's a hint of John Eveleth in that chin. I knew John and Eleanor in my young days, so I may be pardoned if I see them again in their daughter.'

'Tell me about your parents, Jean,' said the old lady at the table a little later.

'I'm afraid I cannot tell you very much, Mrs. Kathcart,' said Jean, with the ghost of a blush. 'I haven't been at home in three months.'

'Jean's engagements keep her on the road most of the time, Aunt Lucy,' said Mary, bountifully helping the guest to a delicious fricassee and passing her the white puffs of raised biscuit.

'But I suppose your mother's health is better than it used to be,' pursued Aunt Lucy.

'No, Mrs. Kathcart,' answered Jean. 'Mamma is as fragile as a bit of porcelain. She is almost never well, and the care of a large establishment tells on her terribly. Mamma is a very conscientious housekeeper, and, since you know my father, you won't think me undutiful if I say that, though the best and dearest of men, he is a little too exacting. Papa won't tolerate an imperfection anywhere. He expects mamma to run the home as he runs his business, and, with such help as she can get on the Fells, it isn't quite easy.'

'Is your sister Carolyn at home?' asked Mrs. Kathcart.

'Oh! didn't you know? Carrie is married and her home is in Kansas. Madge is studying medicine, Ailsie is a perfect fiend about music, and she practices literally every moment she can secure. There are three boys growing up like weeds; the girls in our family came first.'

'Eleanor has her hands full,' said Mrs. Kathcart. 'She must miss Carolyn. I think I've been told that she was rather domestic in her tastes, which is a good thing in an eldest daughter.'

'Yes,' said Jean, indifferently, 'my sister Carrie is a born housekeeper and drudge. She really enjoys mending and patching, sweeping and dusting, and making a good loaf of bread. We always frankly called Carrie our commonplace sister, and she laughingly accepted the situation.'

'Well,' said Mary, who saw a glimmer of battle in Aunt Lucy's quiet eyes and wished to ward off the sharp word she feared, for the usually silent person can use a word like a scimiter on occasion, 'I answer to that description myself, Jean. There must be all sorts of talents, and mine are in the trivial round, the common task, which the poet says furnish all we ought to ask.'

'But what if one's nature cries out for more, for a wider field,' exclaimed Jean hurriedly; 'what if a girl cannot be contented unless she is doing good which she can see, attempting something which tells on the age, helping her period? Then is she to hide her light under a bushel? What if she have a clear call to do work in the world?'

Her eyes shone like stars. The rose hue sprang up in her cheeks, she looked as she did when addressing her audiences. Aunt Lucy smiled.

'One does not always discern the call of duty at once, there are so many voices in the air. But I am sure your parents are glad they have such a lovely big houseful of girls and boys.'

Mary carried Jean to her room to rest before the afternoon session. 'Aunt Lucy is old-fashioned,' she said, half apologetically.

'Yes, she does not quite believe in new fields of action for women. I can see that. She is not sympathetic.' Jean sighed and looked plaintive. Then went on: 'But, Mollie, I simply cannot vegetate at the Fells, doing work a servant can do, idling the days away in sewing and housework and managing. *Mamma is a darling, and I* wish I could see her oftener and make things smoother at home, but I cannot give up my life work. It would not be right. Am I to fold my talent in a napkin and bury it?'

A peal at the doorbell, sudden, clamorous, urgent, startled the girls in the midst of their talk. A moment later a white-capped maid appeared with a yellow envelope on her tray. 'Miss Jane Eveleth, care of Mrs. Kathcart,' it was addressed.

Jean opened it, but not with the frantic haste of one unused to telegrams. She often received them, and they did not make her nervous.

Mary watched her, wondering at her composure. A telegram was an upsetting occurrence in her experience. But as she looked Jean's face changed and paled visibly. The little slip of paper quivered in her hands. She sprang to her feet, thrusting the dispatch toward Mary, who read this laconic message:

Mother dangerously ill. Madge has pneumonia. Come at once.

JOHN EVELETH.

'Aunt Lucy,' said Mary, 'I will telephone for a cab, and take Jean to the station. If she catches the next train she can be at home by nine this evening. We will send her things by express, and I will go to the hall and tell the committee that she has been sent for to go home, where there is severe illness.'

Prompt, efficient, equal to the occasion, Mary did all that was called for, and saw Jean off, waving her hand cheerily as the cars whirled out of the station.

A week passed before she heard from her friend. Then came a brief letter:

Dear Molly: My mother and sister are both better. I have had a terrible fright. Madge was almost gone when I arrived, and mother did not know me. We have two trained nurses, and they are jewels, but I am captain of the watch, and I've heard a clear call to stay at home and look after my loved ones. I've been a selfish girl, Mary, but if God gives them back I'll try to make up for past mistakes. Give my love to your Aunt Lucy, and pray hard for your devoted and penitent JEAN.

'I knew there must be good stuff at bottom in Eleanor Eveleth's daughter,' said Aunt Lucy, who had begun another shawl.

Make Someone Happy.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in the sunlight another goes
All wearily in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought?
A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch!
What blessing with them is wrought!

—'Friendly Visitor.'

Moth or Butterfly

(By Julia McNair Wright).

I heard a brisk dispute the other day between Ruth and Anna over an insect.

'What a beautiful moth!' said Ruth.

'It is a butterfly, not a moth,' said Anna; 'butterflies fly by day, and moths by night.'

'I'm sure it is a moth,' said Ruth, 'it does not look like a butterfly.'

'No moth,' said Anna, 'wears such gay colors. Butterflies are beautiful, moths are much plainer insects.'

After they had argued some time, they referred the matter to me. 'It is a moth,' I said, 'but the reasons that you have both given, and the proofs and differences stated, were all wrong. Moths as well as butterflies may be day insects. Many moths do fly only at night, but others love the day. Many moths are as splendidly marked and colored as any butterflies. Many moths are as large as any butterflies; indeed I think the largest specimen of insects of this class is a Brazilian moth. There are many little butterflies much smaller than the medium-sized moths.'

'Then how are we to even know them apart?'

'First, by their position when at rest. Look at this insect which you have disputed about, it rests with its wings spread

flat out. There, a butterfly has lit near it; that rests with its wings elevated and folded together. That is an invariable difference between these two classes of insects.

'Second, a moth's body is of a thick wedge-like shape. The butterfly's body is long and slim, graceful, light; the moth's is always short, clumsy, and heavy-looking, whatever its proportion. Another difference always to be noted is that the painted wings of the moth may be just as exquisitely marked and colored as those of the butterflies, but they never gleam as his do.

'Again, the moths have, in most cases, a hook and catch to fasten the upper and lower wings together in flight. That sign can only be seen through a microscope. But here is a final distinction, clearly to be seen, and from which the butterflies receive their name. The great order of the 'scale-wings' comprises moths and butterflies, and they are near cousins; but the butterflies are of the family of 'Club-horns,' and the moths are of the family of the 'Varied-horns.' You will notice that the butterfly's feelers or antennae, are straight and smooth up to the clubbed ends, while the feelers of the moth are curved in, or out, or spread like a pair of dividers, or fringed. Under a microscope these feelers instead of the severe simplicity shown by the butterfly's antennae, show off like ferns or plumes.

'Moths, as do butterflies, drink all their food, they never chew anything; honey and water are their preferred diet, but sometimes they suck juices from decayed vegetables and animals. As for beauty, moths scarcely yield to butterflies here, for many of them are exquisitely tinted and marked.

—'Child's Paper.'

Compensation.

(By Rose W. Fry, in 'Presbyterian Banner').

'A cross endured is a crown won.'

Two years after Jerome Parke met with the accident which crippled him for life, Mrs. Parke wrote to Helen Ashe:

Can you come to us this winter? We need a young woman in the house sadly. You will find your cousin much changed; he has sunk into a melancholy which no efforts can dispel, and there are times when I fear he may take his own life. Pity me, and come to us at once. I do not speak of remuneration, but all that a daughter can desire shall be yours.

MARGARET PARKE.

The Parke mansion had been closed to society ever since that fatal night, when Jerome had been carried home and laid on the couch, which was to him a living tomb.

Fortunately, Mrs. Parke was rich in this world's goods, and every alleviation which money could buy or love devise, was lavished on the unfortunate young man. His mother devoted her life to his whims; a housekeeper was in charge, and a trusted attendant established in the invalid's rooms —a suite of three, opening into each other, being devoted to his special use.

He led a terrible life. The blow which had flung him a wreck upon the shore of life had paralyzed his moral life, and roused his worst passions into action. He raved, he raged, he moped by turns. Then he fell into a moody silence, and finally made an attempt to take his own life. Bitter were his invectives against God and his fate.

His mother was sinking under the burden, when she made her appeal to Helen Ashe, Jerome's cousin, and playmate of earlier years.

'Perhaps the society of a younger person might cheer your gloom,' she said; 'I have written to Helen.'

'Society,' sneered Jerome. 'She can do nothing for me. Tell her not to come; I shall insult her, I know.'

However, Helen came. She could not resist her aunt's forlorn appeal.

'And so you have come to stare at me, like the others!' was Jerome's rude salutation, as she stood by his invalid couch.

'No, Jerome; but to help you, if you will let me,' said Helen, quietly, crushing back any expression of the pity which tugged at her heart-strings, as she saw the unhappy look in the face below her. It was a case for heroic treatment.

'I wonder you did not add, to amuse me,' he continued bitterly. 'They all start out that way, but it's a hopeless task — the minister with sermonizing, the doctor with pills, the women with jellies, and the men with cheap talk!'

'I am fairly warned,' said Helen; 'we'll agree that I am not to amuse you; but I do hope to interest—to get you interested.'

'As if it mattered! I must lie still, while the world sweeps on. O Helen! that cuts most, for I had my ambitions; and yet they talk of submission! Why didn't God kill me at once? It would have been more merciful.'

'We may not question God's ways, or fathom his purposes. He has left you one thing you overlook, Jerome.'

'What?'

'Your intellect.'

'An idiot would be happier!'

'Not if you would rouse yourself. And now, since you will not allow others to divert you, may I ask how you amuse yourself?'

Her eyes fell upon a paper-bound volume lying open upon the table before her. It was one of Zola's novels.

Jerome flushed. 'This is not fit for you to touch, Helen.'

'Thank you, Jerome; I will be wise in time.'

Helen had not been in the house a week before every one felt the better for her presence. Mrs. Parke was more cheerful, and Jerome less morose than usual. He was interested in studying Helen. Somehow she seemed to stimulate him, and imperceptibly to rouse him out of himself.

He had a matured intellect for a youth of twenty-two. Trained under able instructors, with the law-school in view, he had looked forward to being a force in the political arena in the near future. The collapse which followed upon his injury was complete. Cui bono? The mocking query on his lips; 'There is no God,' his creed.

Helen was in the habit of reading aloud to her cousin, and one day her voice lingered over the following passage from George McDonald's writing: 'The blessedness of life comes from its interest, not from its comfort. The poorest life which has an object is better than one steeped in luxury without an object.'

Jerome seemed struck by the idea. 'If only I had an object in life!' he burst forth, 'life would be more endurable. But I am such a wreck,' he sighed.

'Courage, Jerome,' said Helen. 'The man who seeks an object has not far to go to find it. Why not take up your old studies again?'

'For what good? The odds are too great!'

'For your own mental development, and the good of others. God never closes one avenue without opening another; the law of compensation runs through all His works. You can become a student, possibly a writer. You can reach the public in that way.'

It was like an electric shock to Jerome's sleeping energies. His mind seemed on fire; image after image swept through his brain; the old pulses seemed to course through his veins; he was intensely alive; he felt within his being the joy of the creative faculty. What! Become a writer! Influence the world in that way! The idea took possession of him. He almost felt the old life leap in his dead limbs. For a month his mind was at a white heat. Helen could not keep pace with the flow of his spirits. The gift of tongues seemed to have fallen upon him. He took Helen into his secret, and together they worked, he dictating, she copying, suggesting and criticising his first efforts.

When the modest manuscript came back to him in print, he grasped her hand warmly. 'Helen, you have saved me!' he cried, fervently. 'I can feel the deity working in me, as the Greek poet expressed it: "I am still a man among my fellows."'

After this a softness fell upon Jerome's soul; but his belief was merely intellectual. He wrote an article, which came out in one of the leading reviews of the day; and a felicitous little poem, 'Loss and Gain,' which was published in another popular magazine. These small successes encouraged him greatly. In truth, he revelled so in his intellect that he overworked his nerves, and a serious illness was the result.

When he came back from delirium to sober reason, Jerome found that his new gift had left him. He was in despair. He made no allowance for the strain upon his system.

'It is all a dream, Helen,' the young author said, sorrowfully; 'I am a mere clod, after all.'

'Spendthrift! Would you dissolve all at a single draught?'

'I can't write,' said Jerome, humbly; 'I am afraid that the "divine afflatus," as the poets call it, has gone from me forever.'

'I should not think it very strong after six weeks' diet on broth and beef tea! Don't worry; you have been taught a lesson. Even a giant cannot afford to overfatigue himself; you will have to be more careful of your brain-power in future.'

'What a complex machine man is!' sighed Jerome.

'Yes, but the machine has its maker; it must obey its creator if it would accomplish the end of its creation. Man is the creation of the Divine Maker; when he violates the law of his being he must expect the penalty.'

'And what might the law of his being mean, Helen?'

'Obedience,' said Helen, softly; 'the bending of one's intellect to the will of God, that He may work in us and through us, for our own good and His glory.'

'Is man a mere puppet, to be kept in leading-strings?' asked Jerome, petulantly.

'The Stoics denied themselves every pleasure; the Epicureans revelled in indulgence; neither were happy.'

'Where, then, shall I find the true way?' questioned Jerome, hesitatingly.

'In God,' replied Helen; 'not in excess, not in stoical indifference; but in His service; mind, heart, and soul blending harmoniously together.'

'Pleasure has been my god,' sighed Jerome. 'I went forth rejoicing in my strength, till at one stroke it was taken from me. Helen, would it not be strange if I should recover my soul through the loss of my body? Now that I deplore my lost manhood, it seems too late to recall it.'

'Nay, my cousin,' replied Helen, earnestly, 'God has been leading you by a way that you knew not. "They also serve who stand and wait." To write "Paradise Lost" was reserved for Milton's blindness. Waiting may have its uses. Arrest the development of a shrub, and it will blossom out elsewhere. The knife of the pruner only renders the clusters on the vine more abundant and juicy. And this comparison runs throughout nature. The divine law of compensation works in every life; it is yours to accept, Jerome, from the outstretched hands of a loving Father. Will you take it or not?'

There was a tremor in Jerome's voice as he replied: 'Helen, you have convinced me that suffering has a place in the universe, and in God's plan. Without it I should, perhaps, have remained indifferent to the end. The cup that He has given me to drain, shall I not drink it and find a cordial therein? My mother was right in sending for you, and I owe it to your true woman's heart that no false pity held you back from speaking the truth, and tearing the flimsy veil of self-pity from my lacerated soul. Henceforth I will learn to suffer and grow strong.'

And Helen was glad both for herself and for him. 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.'

In looking for illustrations to use in teaching the Sunday-school lesson, a good many teachers need to be often reminded that an illustration should illustrate. An incident that is used simply because it is ornamental or diverting, obscures rather than illustrates.

LITTLE FOLKS

Little Miss Not-Afraid.

You know in the Pilgrim's Progress there is a story about a man who had a daughter called Much-afraid. Janie used to think that was the funniest story!

'I shouldn't like to be called Miss Much-afraid!' she would say, laughing. 'I'm not afraid of things, except going up to bed all alone and hooking cows and bow-wow doggies!'

'When you get over being that, I'll call you Miss Not-afraid,' promised mamma.

But when a little girl is afraid of things, you know it is very hard to get over it all in a minute. And many a time that summer little Janie got the name she didn't like, and had to start all over again trying to be brave and trustful, in the dark as well as the daylight. Mother used to have a great many talks about it with her, and she told her how much she hoped that as she grew older she would learn the real secret of courage.

'What is the secret?' asked Janie.

'Just trusting in your heavenly Father,' mamma told her. 'Because, you see, he loves you better than anybody in the world can ever love you, and he is so strong and wise that he can do anything in the world to help you. So there is nothing to be afraid of. Just ask him to take all the care of you.'

One day Janie got lost. I don't know how it happened. I suppose she wandered off a little way from the house, and then a pretty flower tempted her to go a little farther, and something else drew her on a few steps more, and the first thing she knew she couldn't find the way back again. It is a dreadful feeling.

What do you think Janie did? All at once in her fright and her tears a happy little thought crept into her heart. God sent it.

'Trust in God" it said. 'Tell Jesus about it!'

So the little girl knelt right down there by a mossy log and did as the good thought told her. Then she felt better, and she didn't cry any more, though she was all alone on the edge of the woods, and the house seemed as far off as ever. Somehow she did not feel afraid, but just as if Jesus was looking out for her.

She ate some berries that grew close by, and she sat down and made a bouquet of her posies, and then—then—then—she fell asleep!

And that was the way they found her late that afternoon, almost nightfall, when they came through the tall grass and up to the edge of the woods where she had wandered. Oh, how glad they were!

'You poor little thing!' cried mamma. 'How frightened you must have been!'

'Why, no, I wasn't!' said Janie, cuddling close in her father's arms as they carried her home. 'I 'membered about our heavenly Father—what you told me, you know!'

'You darling!' said mamma. 'Well, you've earned your name. After this, nobody shall ever call you Miss Much-afraid.'

'No,' laughed Janie. 'You've all got to say Miss Not-afraid, 'cause it's true now. I've found out the way to make it!'—'Little Pilgrim.'

Grandfather's Golden Drops.

Poor little Fred was always in trouble. He had a lovely home, a kind father and mother, and many little playmates and pets. In spite of all these blessings, his round blue eyes were often full of tears, and his face all flushed with evil temper.

Perhaps he would be romping with some little friends, laughing with glee, and happy as possible, when—presto, change! something would vex him, and then you would hear a loud scream, and a torrent of angry, spiteful words. Of course all the fun would be over—the visitors would go home, and poor Fred would be left alone to repent his naughty conduct.

One day he had quarrelled with all his friends, and sent them home crying over his unkindness. There

he was, all alone in the beautiful garden, a wretched little boy. 'Oh, why can't I be good and happy like the other children,' said he to himself, as he wiped the tears from his sad little face. Just then his grandfather came walking down the path, and called the child.

'Why, my boy, what can be the matter?' said he, and very soon Fred had confessed his wrong-doing and sobbed out his woes on his grandfather's breast.

'Poor boy,' said grandfather. 'But cheer up, cheer up, I have something that will help you, and cure you of your troubles.'

'Oh, grandfather, will it really do it? Do give it to me quick.'

'Indeed I will, my boy, but remember, you must do exactly as I tell you. You must follow the directions or it will be perfectly useless. See, it is a vial of golden drops, and it must be taken with care.'

He held a small vial up high in the air, so that Fred could see the clear yellow liquid.

'Now, my boy, keep this vial in your pocket, and whenever anything occurs to vex you, you must instantly drink ten drops—no more, no less—and as you drink, repeat in your mind these words:

"Ten drops of precious fluid gold
Will bring me peace and joy untold."

Fred took the vial and carefully followed the directions for the next few days, and everybody saw a great change come over the little boy. He was so kind, so careful not to hurt his friends and so anxious to make his playmates happy, and withal he became as light-hearted as a bird.

When things had gone on thus for a week or two, Fred came to his grandfather and said, 'Grandfather, my Golden Drops are all gone, but please give me some more for I can never be happy without them.'

'Well,' said his grandfather, 'I am glad they have been such a comfort to you, and you may have all you want. In fact, you may make them for yourself, as they are only sugar and water. You see, my dear boy, if you can only check yourself when you are upon the point of losing your temper, long enough to take ten of the Golden Drops, the victory is won. It is all in not giving way to the first hasty impulse. The good was not in the drops, but in the diversion of your thought, giving you time to recover control over your temper.'

For a while this seemed very strange to Freddie, but he found it really true. The lesson of the Golden Drops was a lasting one, and years afterward when he had grown to a noble young man with perfect control of his once unmanageable temper, he would often thank his grandfather for the helpful lesson which he had given him. —E. A. Matthews, in 'American Messenger.'

Make Your Own Sunshine.

'Oh, dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere!' cried little Annie Moore. 'It's too bad; now I must stay indoors, and I know I shall have a wretched day.'

'Perhaps so,' said Uncle Alfred; 'but you need not have a bad day unless you choose.'

'How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band and take Fido and play on the grass and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there's not going to be any sunshine at all; and I must just stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the ducks' backs all day.'

'Well, let's make a little sunshine,' said Uncle Alfred.

'Make sunshine!' said Annie; 'what can you mean, Uncle?' and she smiled through her tears. 'You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?'

'Well, I am going to start one without delay, if you'll be my partner,' replied Uncle Alfred. 'Now, let me give you three rules for making sunshine — First, Don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, See how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and, lastly, Do all you can to make other people happy.'

'Well, I'll try the last thing first'; and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too.

'Well,' said Uncle Alfred, 'I see you are a good sunshine maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule.'

'But I haven't anything to enjoy, because all my dolls are old, and my picture-books are all torn, and—'

'Hold!' said Uncle Fred; 'here's an old newspaper. Now let's get some fun out of it.'

'Fun out of a newspaper! why, how you talk, Uncle!'

But Uncle Alfred showed her how to make a ship, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make a great many pretty things for Willie out of the paper.

And so Annie found both occupation and amusement, and when bedtime came she kissed Uncle Alfred and said:

'Good night, dear Uncle Alfred.'

'Good night, little sunshine maker,' said Uncle Alfred.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Alfred had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read—Sunshine Factory.

She made Uncle Alfred laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember—A cheerful heart makes its own sunshine.

Heart Gardens.

(Florence A. Jones in 'Advance.')

Hearts are gardens where we plant
Every day such tiny seeds,
And it lies with you, dear child,
Whether you reap flowers or weeds.

What you sow that shall you reap;
Seeds of peace or discontent,
Seeds of days filled with kind deeds,
Seeds of days and hours mis-spent.

Seeds of love or seeds of hate,
Seeds of right or seeds of wrong,
Seeds that you must reap with tears,
Seeds you garner with a song.

Sow the seeds, ah, carefully!
Seeds once sown are past recall,
Tears, repentance, are in vain,
Too late comes alike to all.

Crowd each day with loving thoughts,
Fill it full of kindly deeds,
And your garden will be filled
With fair blossoms from such seeds!

LESSON II.—JULY 9.

Daniel in Babylon.

May be used as a temperance lesson. Dan. i., 8-21. Read the whole chapter. Memory verses 17-20.

Golden Text.

'Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.'—Dan i., 8.

Home Readings.

July.

3. M.—Daniel 1: 1-7. Captivity.
4. T.—Daniel 1: 8-21. Daniel in Babylon.
5. W.—Gen. 39: 1-6. Prosperity from God.
6. Th.—Psalm 1. The safe way.
7. F.—Prov. 16: 1-9. The upright way.
8. S.—1 Cor. 9: 19-27. Temperate in all things.
9. Su.—Jer. 35: 12-19. The Rechabites honored.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—8. But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank; therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself.

School.—9. Now God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs.

10. And the prince of the eunuchs said unto Daniel, I fear my lord the king, who hath appointed your meat and your drink: for why should he see your faces worse liking than the children which are of your sort? then shall ye make me endanger my head to the king.

11. Then said Daniel to Mel'zar, whom the prince of the eunuchs had set over Daniel, Han-a-ni'ah, Mish'a-el, and Az-a-riah.

12. Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink.

13. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants.

14. So he consented to them in this matter, and proved them ten days.

15. And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat.

16. Thus Mel'zar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse.

17. As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom; and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams.

18. Now at the end of the days that the king had said he should bring them in, then the prince of the eunuchs brought them in before Neb-u-chad-nez'zar.

19. And the king communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Han-a-ni'ah, Mish'a-el, and Az-a-ri'ah; herefore stood they before the king.

20. And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king enquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm.

21. And Daniel continued even unto the first year of king Cy'rus.

Lesson Hymn.

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose true—
Dare to make it known.

Suggestions.

Among the first captives taken from Judah at the beginning of the seventy years of captivity (B. C. 605), were four youths of noble parentage, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah.

These youths the king Nebuchadnezar intended to have instructed in all the learning and arts of the Chaldeans. But the court at Babylon was the wicked court of a heathen king, and Daniel resolved that he and his three companions should steadfastly resist the corruptions of the heathen. The king ordered meat and wine from his own table to be sent daily to all the youths in training, but Daniel begged the chief steward, Ashpenaz, to give to him and his three friends, the plainest possible food, instead of the defiling wine and the meat which had probably been offered to idols before leaving the king's table.

God had given to Daniel wisdom (Jas. i., 5), and courage and other kindly qualities which brought him into favor with those set over him. But the steward feared to disobey the king in the smallest particular, for the tyrant Nebuchadnezzar would think nothing of ordering a man's head to be cut off for a trifling disobedience. However, Daniel persuaded the Melzar, or steward, to try them with a vegetable diet for ten days, and at the end of that time they were found to have improved greatly and to be in much better condition than the youth who had eaten the king's meat.

Temperance Application.

Those who are in training for athletic sports, college races, etc., are put upon the simplest and most temperate diet, and are required to abstain from all intoxicating liquors. Only thus can the best health, strength, and endurance be found.

Strong drink is one of the most powerful and most visible of temptations; but temptation appeals to every bodily appetite and every wrong feeling of the mind. The question with every young person is, 'What shall rule? What shall be king and sit on the throne of my heart?' Shall passion and appetite control my nature, subdue my conscience, guide my life, and decide my future? Or shall conscience, and reason, and love to God and man control my body, and govern my whole lower nature ?What rules the soul decides its quality and its destiny. The only way to be safe against the temptation to strong drink is to subdue all the bodily appetites, and make God our king and his love our life. To yield in one point is to harbor a traitor within the camp.—From 'Peloubet's Notes.'

The Bible Class

'Would not defile himself'—Matt. xv., 11, 18-20; Rev. xxi., 27; Titus 1.,15; I. Cor. viii., 4, 7-13. Jas. iii., 6. I. Cor. iii., 16-17. Rev. iii., 4, 5.

'Wisdom'—Jer. ix., 23,24: I. Kings iv., 29, 30: Job xxviii., 28: Psa. xxxvii., 30; cxi., 10: Prov. iii., 5-7: I. Cor. i., 18-25, 30: Col. ii., 3, 8-10; iii., 16-17.

Suitable Hymns.

'Yield not to temptation,' 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' 'Have courage, my boy, to say no!' 'Loyalty to Christ,' 'Am I a soldier,' 'Who is on the Lord's side?'

C. E Topic.

July 9.—A good vacation. Mark vi., 7, 12. 13, 30-32.

Junior C. E.

July 9.—How to tell others about God. Acts 17: 22-31.

(A missionary meeting. South America.)

The Teachers' Meeting.

The question arises, 'When should they be held?' I know some think once a month often enough. But, personally, I prefer weekly ones (not 'weakly') for about twenty minutes at the close of the school. Because, in the first place, we have just taught a lesson for our Master, and is it not appropriate to unitedly hand it over to him directly, claiming his promise that 'it shall not return unto him void,' and leaving the results with him? Then, secondly, the teacher who has the trying class, who is tempted to feel discouraged, thinking nothing has been accomplished, who would otherwise go away heavy of heart, will find 'rest in communion,' and encouragement in knowing that she is upheld by the prayers of her fellow workers; so that, instead of the sigh, she will be able to sing with Miss Havergal:

'It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou
Wilt be my strength. It is not that I see
Less sin; but more of pardoning love with Thee,
And all sufficient grace. Enough! and now
All fluttering thought is stilled, I only rest,
And feel that Thou art near, and know that I am blest.'

—'Faithful Witness.'

Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER V. — TOBACCO COMPARED WITH ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—What two substances in common use are the most injurious to health?

A.—Alcohol, in its various forms and combinations; and tobacco, in its different preparations.

2. Q.—State the difference in the effects of alcohol and tobacco.

A.—Alcohol increases the intensity of the vital force at first, and then causes depression. Tobacco first lessens the energy of the vital force, and afterwards produces a corresponding excitement.

3. How, then, do these poisons stand toward each other?

A.—The one, alcohol, as an excitant, and the other, tobacco, as a narcotic or depressant, work into each other's service; tobacco beginning and alcohol completing the ruin.

4. Q.—What have inquirers into the habits of men who have constantly used alcoholic drinks proved?

A.—That their appetites for strong drink were created, and made clamorous by their previous use of tobacco.

5. Q.—Why does tobacco produce such a result?

A.—Because tobacco is so depressing to the person using it that he craves something that shall act as a stimulant.

6. Q.—What report was once given from the State Prison at Auburn, New York?

A.—That five hundred out of every six hundred who were convicted of crime, when under the influence of alcoholic drinks, had, from their own statements, the desire for strong drink aroused in them by the use of tobacco.

7. Q.—What statement does Dr. James C. Jackson make upon this point?

A.—'I have never heard of more than one habitual drunkard who had never used tobacco.'

8. Q.—What is also stated by Dr. Jackson in regard to the use of tobacco by boys, compared with that of alcoholic liquors by them.

A.—That fifty boys are rendered incompetent by the use of tobacco, where one boy has his nervous system deranged by the use of alcoholic liquors.

9. Q.—What is this life?

A.—This life is a warfare. All good men are fighting the devil, all bad men are fighting the Lord.

10. Q.—What is the result of self-indulgence?

—A. Self-indulgence of any kind, tends to develop man's lower nature; and, at the same time, it tends to close up and ruin his higher nature. 'To be carnally minded is death.'—Romans, chapter 8, verse 7. To use tobacco, alcohol, or opium is to be carnally minded.

11. Q.—What is the result of self-denial?

A.—Self-denial of any kind, tends to open and develop man's spiritual and higher nature; and, at the same time, to close up and destroy his selfish animal nature. 'To be spiritually minded is life and peace.' —Romans, chapter 8, verse 6.

Uncle Josiah's Bedtime.

Such headaches as Uncle Josiah had! And such doctors! Their efforts left the patient worse instead of better. At last, however, a young doctor gave Aunt Polly a prescription which he said was sure to help, if not cure.

Uncle Josiah was a strict temperance man. Not a drop of ardent spirits, as a beverage, had ever passed his lips. He was a man firm of principle—strong and unyielding where his well-trained conscience was concerned. The doctor's prescription was eggnog. Aunt Polly was to prepare and administer it to Uncle Josiah at his bedtime, when sleep would follow and the headache disappear.

Very grateful the remedy proved, prepared under Aunt Polly's skilful hand. She

was generous to a fault, and perhaps mixed a thimbleful more than the prescribed proportion of whiskey in the nightly draught. As the headache was a very real fact, Uncle Josiah's conscience did not forbid him to give the remedy a fair trial. His usual time for retiring was ten o'clock. When he was in bed, Aunt Polly carried to him the fragrant, steaming cup.

One night, about two weeks after he began taking the nightly stimulant, Uncle Josiah grew restless at about a quarter to ten o'clock, and said:

'Polly, I feel pretty tired; I think I'll go up now and be ready for my medicine and sleep.'

'Well, Josiah, it's only a quarter to ten; but you do look tired, and I'll prepare it now.'

The next week, one rainy night, as the clock struck nine, Uncle Josiah left his old arm chair, a bright fire, and his cheerful wife. He was 'quite tired out, and would have his nog now.'

'What makes you so tired to-night, Josiah?'

'Well, working about the factory all day, I suppose, Polly; and he drained his nightly remedy and went off to sleep.

One week later Uncle Josiah's bedtime came at a quarter to nine o'clock! He went upstairs, but just before Aunt Polly was ready for him, he called down:

'Polly!'

'Well, Josiah?'

'Don't bring up that stuff! I'm coming down.'

'Coming down? I thought you were ready for bed!'

'So I was, Polly; but I'm coming down to be with you till ten o'clock, and I shall never take another cup of nog.'

He came down fully dressed, and added:

'Polly, do you know why I have been getting so tired early of late? It was just because I was in a hurry for that medicine; and when a man begins to relish whiskey as I have been getting to do, there's a serpent lurking near. We'll both sit up till ten o'clock, and then sleep the sleep of the just. Not another drop shall pass my lips, Polly.'

And he kept his word.—'Canadian Templar.'

Samuel T. Coleridge on the Opium Habit.

This highly-gifted poet and author acquired the habit of opium eating, and this, unfortunately, obtained so powerful a hold on his physical frame as to render him a perfect victim to its iniquitous sway. He was well aware of his infirmity, and frequently made attempts to overcome it. A personal friend and great admirer of Coleridge, speaking of the efforts of the poet to free himself, says:—'Coleridge did make prodigious efforts to deliver himself from this thraldom; and he went so far at one time in Bristol, to my knowledge, as to hire a man for the express purpose, and armed with the power of resolutely interposing between himself and the door of any druggist's shop.'

The same writer, speaking of the period when the poet first sunk under the dominion of opium, describes his looks thus:—

'His appearance was generally that of a person struggling with pain and overmastering illness. His lips were baked with feverish heat, and often black in color; and in spite of the water which he continued drinking, he often seemed to labor under an almost paralytic inability to raise the upper jaw from the lower.'

The following remarkable letter, written in the agony of remorse, to his first publisher and friend (Mr. Cottle), should be sufficient to set at rest for ever all the pleaders for indulgence in dangerous stimulants. Who can dare to consider himself safe in their use, when such a man as Coleridge thus expresses himself as to their effects and his remorse?

Bristol, June 26.

Dear Sir,—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused—accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and for your prayers.

Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

I usel to think the text in St. James, that he who offended in one point, offends in all, very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of opium, what crimes have I not made myself guilty of!—Ingratitude to my Maker, and to my benefactors, injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children—self-contempt—for my repeated breach of promise, nay, too often actual falsehood.

After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example.

May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and, in his heart, grateful, S. T. COLERIDGE.

This remarkable literary luminary died at the comparatively early age of sixty-two, and, but for this acquired destructive habit, might have survived to old age. There is a marked similarity betwixt the injurious effects of opium and alcohol, and thousands of educated individuals have succumbed to the alcoholic habit since Coleridge's day. And yet, forsooth, there are many who still insist that education will prevent the alcoholic habit! No greater delusion could be palmed on the human family. It is, alas! too true that there are in Britain at the present day thousands of highly-educated persons, who are as truly slaves to the alcoholic habit as Coleridge was to that of opium.—'League Journal.'

Correspondence

Foxboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I play and pick Mayflowers. I go to Sunday-school at half-past eight o'clock on Sunday morning. I have a baby sister, seven months old. Sarah lives at our house. She gets the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to look at the pictures. Good-bye. J. EARL S.

Cape North, C. B.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. I read the correspondence. I have one pet, a dog, Raynard; he is very playful. I had him in the sled several times and he could haul in the wood for me. He is a nice dog. We have one horse and six cows and eleven sheep and three calves. Yours truly,

D. J. (aged 14.)

Cape North, C. B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' I like it very much. I have only one pet, a cat. We had no school this winter. I have three brothers and three sisters. One of my brothers and two of my sisters are away, and one sister and two brothers are at home. We have a very nice minister here. My father takes the 'Presbyterian Record.' I hope I will see my letter in print. Truly yours, R. G. (aged 12.)

Cambridge, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country and go to school every day. I have two sisters and one brother, myself being the oldest in the family. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much; the stories are very interesting. We have Sunday-school here every Sunday and meeting every other Sunday. My father has a mill and he hires men every summer. I had lots of fun this winter coasting and skating, but the snow has all gone off now.

ELLNORA, (aged 12.)

Siloame, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in summer, but it is too cold in winter. I have two miles to go to school. We had a concert the night before Thanksgiving, it was a grand success. Our teacher gave a taffy pull to us. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school a long time. AYLMER, B. P. (aged 7.)

Shannon, N. B.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm about a mile from Washadomoak lake. In the winter I go skating. I go to school and like it very much. I live about a mile from the school house. I have a nice teacher; she has taught here three years. I am in the fourth book. I got two prizes for the best attendance: the first I got was a book containing the story of the Beacon fire. I like the 'Messenger' very much. Grandma gave me the 'Messenger' for a year as a present; I don't think she could have given me a better one. I like reading very much. I have a good many Sunday-have read Child's History of England school books, and I have read them all. I nearly through, and I am reading the Wide, Wide World. I go to Sunday-school in the summer as they do not have any in the winter. I have signed the pledge never to use tobacco or alcohol. I hope all the 'Messenger' subscribers will sign the pledge. BURPEE A. CRAFT. (aged 10.)

Clanricarde.

Dear Editor,—I think your 'Northern Messenger' is very nice, indeed, I like reading your correspondence. I am visiting my aunt and uncle and cousins just now, and I am having a splendid time. Our school is going, but I have not attended much since summer holidays. I may go this spring. I am a member of the Band of Hope, and I got a doll off the Xmas tree a year ago, and have it yet. I have to see this in print. Yours truly,

MAGGIE S. (aged 15.)

Clanricarde, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like reading the 'correspondence' very much. We live on a farm nine miles from the nearest village, 'Apsley.' My cousin is visiting me now. I have a brother in California and a brother in Rat Portage. My two sisters were in Montreal this winter. I belong to a society, the S. G. S. C. The name of our place is 'Paradise Grove.' We live half a mile from the school-house, and I go every day. I am in the fourth book. We have a black dog, 'Chimo.' We live near a creek.

GRACE T. (aged 13.)

Isaac's Harbor, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper some time, and I think the stories are quite nice. I think the letters on the correspondence page are very interesting. I was reading the letter from the little girl in New Brunswick, who told about the wild flowers, where she lives, and wished to know about the flowers in different parts of the Dominion. The first flower that comes here is the May flower, and after that, the white violet, which is very fragrant. The blue violet does not come till some time later; the white violet is very fragrant, but the blue is only valued because of its color and size. The May-flower appears in April, and as there are a good many fine days in that month, we girls go out along a road that runs back into the country, to a deserted field and pick them. I live on the south coast of Nova Scotia, and I go out rowing a good deal in the summer.

CLARE G.

Black Cape, P. Q.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm and attend Sunday-school in summer and winter, I have about a mile and a half to go, but I don't mind that. I belong to the 'Band of Hope,' and I like it very much; we have meetings nearly every Friday afternoon. I have three sisters and two brothers. My eldest sister is staying with her cousin in Lower Newcastle. I go to school every day, and I am in the fifth reader. My teacher's name is Miss McRae. We get the 'Northern Messenger' every week and would be lonesome without it, I enjoy reading the correspondence and find it very interesting. The winter here was very long: I did not mind it because I used to have great fun skating. January and February were the best months for skating. I have no pets. I hope to see this letter printed in the 'Northern Messenger.'

DAISY C.

Glen Levit, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl going to school, we have a long walk and don't get there every day. We have Sunday-school every Sunday Mr. Ferguson is superintendent. It has been very stormy all March, but we expect finer weather now. I have four sisters and the oldest gets the 'Messenger.' There are six pupils in our class. I am in the fourth reader. My teacher's name is Miss M. McMillan; we like her very much. I have two pets, a cat named Jessy, and a dog named Frank.

ANNIE (aged 11.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Keep Close to Your Children

(Mrs. Eva W. Malone, in 'Nashville Advocate').

We love our children—aye, how tenderly we love them only our own locked hearts can disclose. Every impulse which spurs us on is inspired by a desire for their welfare; and if we strive to fill our coffers, is it not that *our children* may be rescued from the power of want? But in our providence for their material welfare do we not cheat them of those finer issues bound up in our loving companionship? What do we know, what do we take time to know, of that mysterious, ever shifting panorama of soul-life which goes on in ceaseless progression within the breast of the young creatures whose destiny we must make or mar? Does your child find in you a ready sympathy with all its vague, self-tormenting dreams? and is that sympathy supplanted by wisdom which directs the scarce-formed impulse into the paths of righteousness? More than half-strangers to our children, can we hope to enter the shekinah of their inner being?

'Oh!' wailed a mother whose daughter had wrecked her own young life and broken her parents' hearts by a secret marriage with a man in every way unworthy of her—'Oh, if she had ever told me that she loved, or even thought of this man. I could have shown her his true character; but I never dreamed that she cared for him until she was his wife!'

Ah, mothers, beware how you let slip the golden days when the child is wholly yours. If the little one learns that 'mother is too busy' to heed its baby woes or share its baby joys, instinctively it seeks sympathy elsewhere; and how perilously that sympathy is found, mothers who sit amid the ashes of dead hopes too surely and sadly attest!

Said a bright little girl of her busy, care-burdened father: 'I know my papa must be a lovely man, if we could only get acquainted with him.' And that father thought he loved his children with a perfect love, and would have been appalled to learn that he was withholding from them their most precious heritage—himself. Fathers, you have not fulfilled the measure of your duty when you have given your children a costly home and supplied all their physical wants. You owe them something which your gold can never buy, something for which, perhaps, their hearts are hungering to-day. Let the holy name 'father' mean to them something nearer, deeper than one who holds the purse-strings, and is solicitous for their material prosperity.

If it is essential that we keep close to our children in their earthly plans and hopes, how much more imperative that the bond of spiritual sympathy be strong and steadfast! The child should realize that the parent holds its spiritual weal as paramount to all earthly concerns; for, after all, are not spiritual things the real things? Parents who watch the health of their children's bodies with painful anxiety are oftentimes in absolute ignorance as to the health of their souls.

'Is Clara a Christian?' I asked of a zealous class-leader in whose young daughter I was greatly interested.

'Why, y-e-s, I suppose she is. She joined the church a year or so ago, but I've never talked to her of her personal experience. I wish you would speak to her about it.'

And it seemed but a natural consequence when I learned that this young 'member of the church' was then, and had been for months, in spiritual darkness, and had come to the conclusion that she had never really been a Christian.

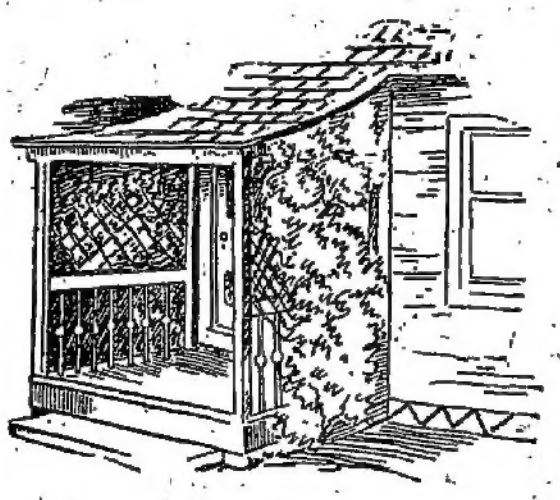
Christian parents, we who talk glibly enough of religion to the children of our friends, dare we thus abandon our high prerogative of leading into 'ways of truth' our own tender lambs?

A minister, a saintly man, to whom religion was as the breath of life, with sadness confessed to the writer: 'It has long been the subject of deep pain and heart-searching to me that I can not talk to my own children of their souls' salvation with the freedom I feel with others. I long to enter closely into their religious life, but something seems ever holding me back.'

How many of us is this 'something' holding back, while, perchance, our children are treading the tortuous paths of worldliness and sin? Let us awake from our lethargy, let us gird up our loins, and begin the battle of the Lord at our own hearthstones.

Shade For the Kitchen Door.

A veranda alongside the ell of the house is a great comfort in summer, but it is too often wanting. A simple and inexpensive little porch can be put up over the kitchen door, however, that will not only add to the coolness of the interior, but will also add not a little to the looks of the house from



an outside point of view. The cut shows the porch and tells its own story of construction, even to the vines that run up over wire netting on either side and make a charming little arbor within. The curved roof, continuous with the house roof, gives a very pleasing effect to the whole. Such a porch would cost little save the two days' labor of a carpenter.—'N. E. Homestead.'

Table Cheer.

I once knew a family who made it a rule that at dinner each member should relate some experience he had had, tell of some thing he had seen, heard or read about during the day; and thus a pleasant conversation was carried on at the table. Happy thoughts and cheerfulness are the best aids to digestion and appetite. When guests are at our table, we always aim to entertain them as best we can. Why not do the same for our loved ones? Not only in speech; but if the table is brightened with a bunch of flowers or a piece of embroidery or any dainty change, it would be appreciated. Many wonder how to make home pleasanter. These hints may be helpful. —'The Occident'

Selected Recipes.

Old-Fashioned Apple Pie.—Fill a deep, yellow pie dish with pared apples sliced very thin; then cover with a substantial crust and bake; when browned to a turn, slip a knife around the inner edge, take off the cover and turn bottom upward on a plate; then add a generous supply of sugar, cinnamon and cloves to the apples; mash all together and spread evenly on the inserted crust. After grating nutmeg over it the dish is served cold with cream.

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